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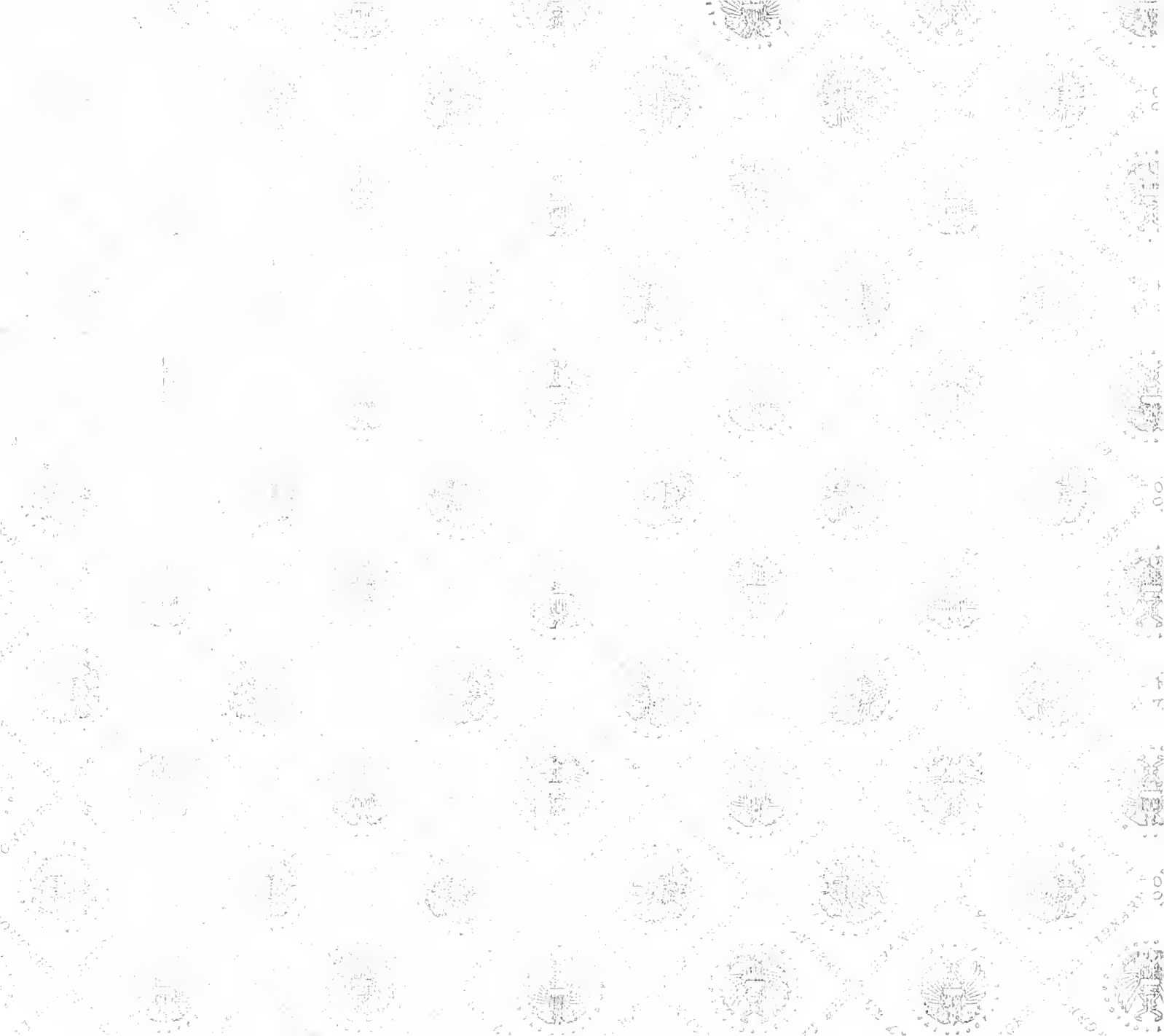
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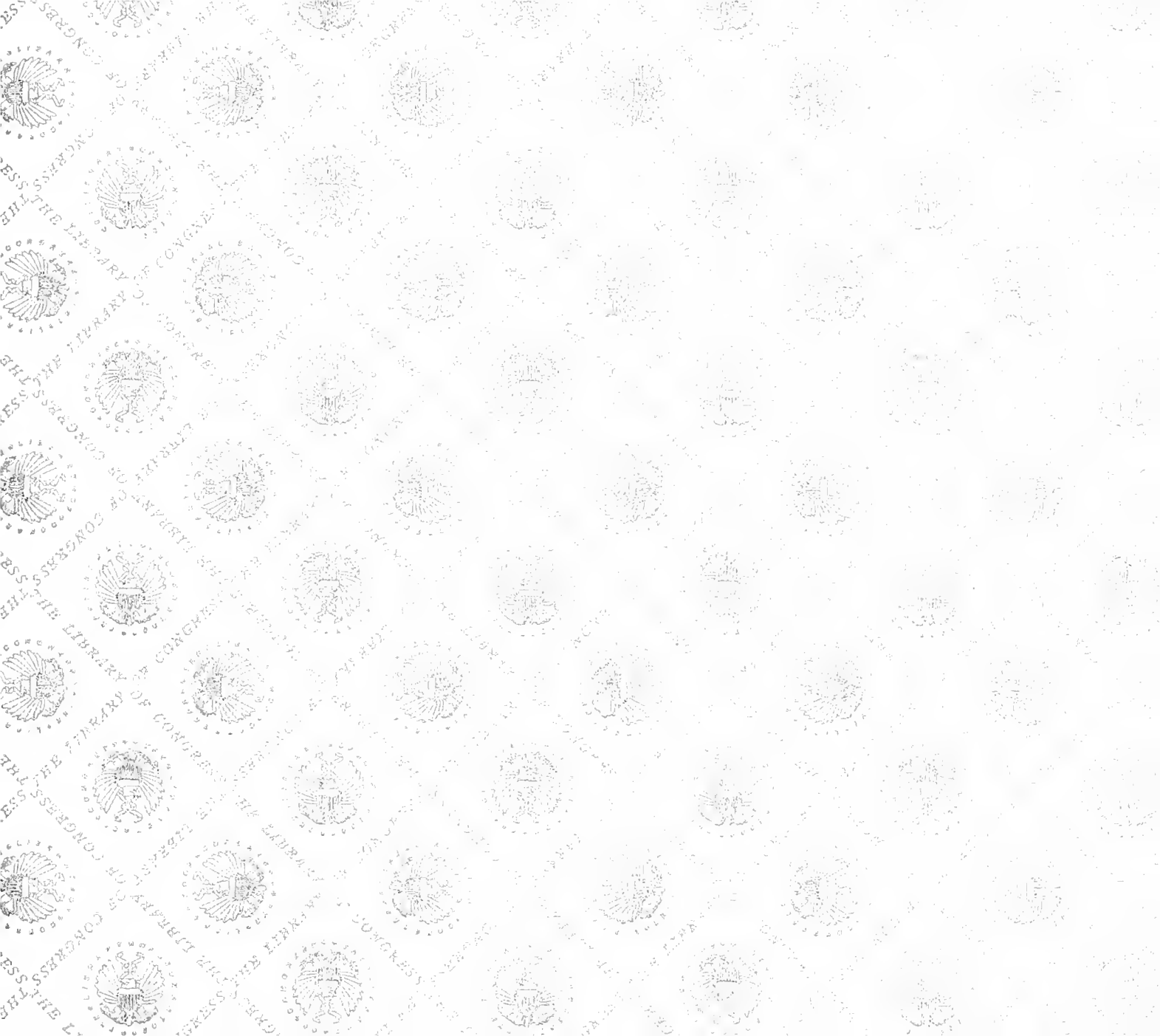
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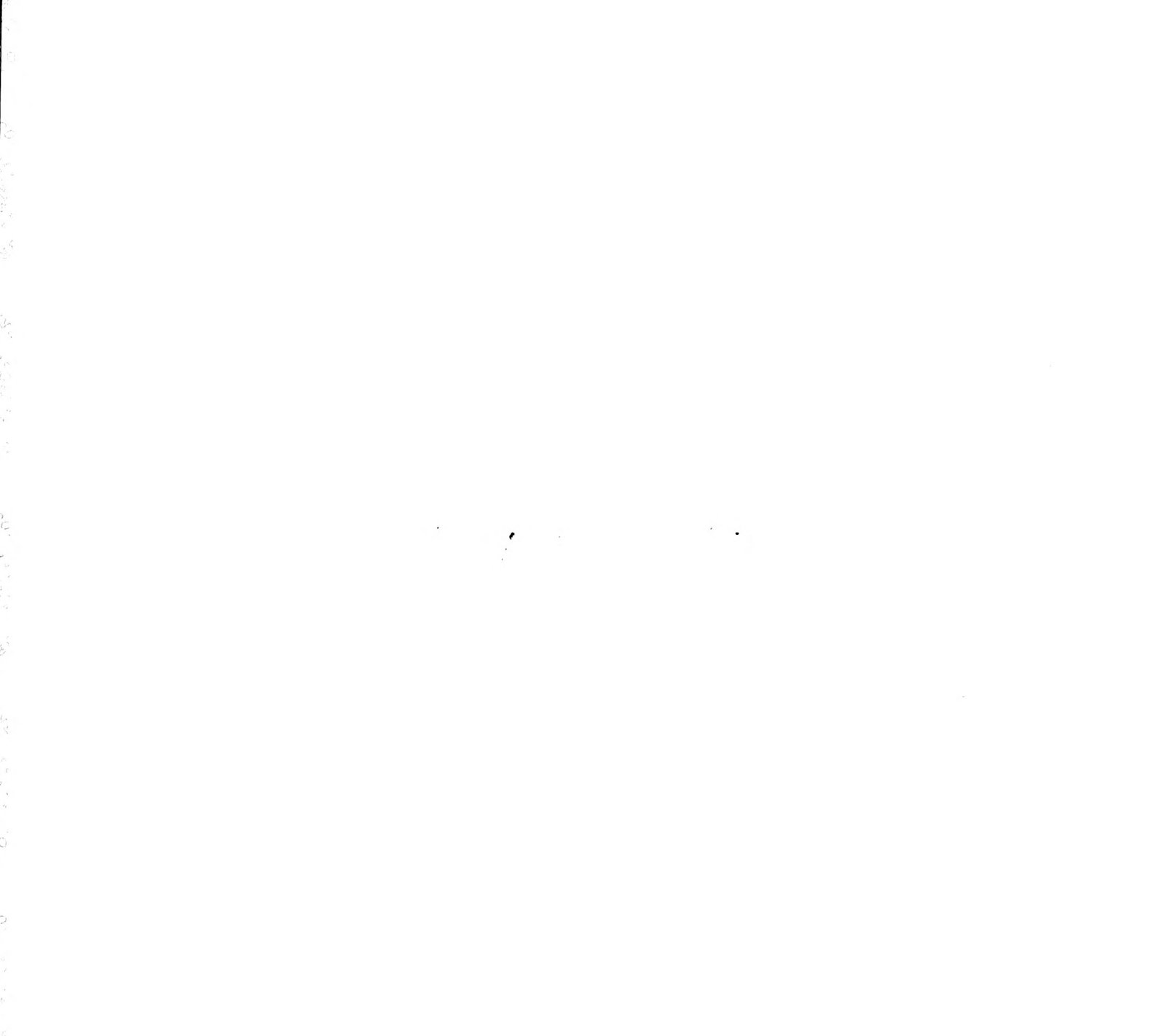




Sonnet to Lake Cayuga.











by Fred Teller





ABOUT fifteen years ago, this little tribute to Lake Cayuga was first published in the Seneca County Courier. It has appeared in the press of the vicinity at intervals more or less frequently since. I take pleasure in following a suggestion made some time ago—that of gathering together a few of the delightful views to which it refers, and apppareling it in a more sylvan costume. My only apology for sending it forth is that nothing—so far as I have been able to learn—has ever been written, either good, bad or indifferent, about our beautiful lake. It seemed to me that it merited something, even though the effort were but an indifferent one.

F. T.



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LL ablaze is the west—the sun now declining  
        Bathes golden the clouds hovering light over there :  
        On yon hillside thy hamlet, fair Cayuga, inclining  
        Dips downward and touches thy mirrored face fair—  
Bright steeple and housetop, gleaming gable and home,  
        Transplendent in halo of sunset's bright sheen,  
The picture inverted on chrysolite dome  
        And naught but the film of thy waters between.



















AYUGA! 'tis then as shadows descending  
The wayfarer gathers the spell of thy charms.  
Darkness glides from the marshes with purple shades blending,  
Ghostly sedges and flagtops melt in night's dewy arms:  
Light plays on the gloom—the past on the present—  
The dusky tribes gather as phantoms to roam—  
Happy Hunting Grounds theirs—a Great Spirit has sent—  
We're but intruders: this realm is their home.









*S*AY, sweeten'd by the song of the young  
 Shun not the path that leads to the tomb  
 Earth hath no pearls, nor the air's no ring  
 That the heavens for the night can bring  
 Breck not the spells the legends tell  
 The charm that you hold on out hearts you leave well  
 At night be not as you have been  
 A sweet summer tale, but a tale of the tomb

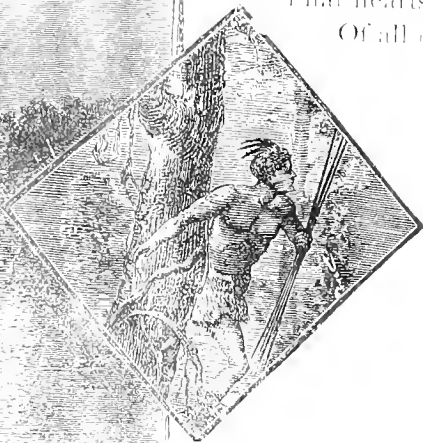




SOMBER night gathers 'round the day beams expiring,  
We put out the sconce with the last vesper prayer :  
Then merged with thy waters, or with thee retiring,  
Is lost in the night or blends with the air—



An intangible something of words yet unspoken—  
As thy bosom lies fair showing stars silvery sheen—  
That hearts can't express but our soul's thrills betoken.  
Of all our lakes beautiful, thou art the Queen.



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